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Franz Schubert.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

From the German of DR. HEINRICH VON KREISSE.

(Continued from page 314.)

We have yet to mention various distinctions which Schubert received during the last named years, and which, if they did not better his material condition, must have flattered his self-esteem. In the year 1821 the court capellmeisters Salieri and Weigl, the counsellor Mosel and Count Moritz Dietrichstein bore testimonies to his musical talent, such as have seldom fallen to the lot of artists. In 1822 he received from the bishop of St. Pölten, to whom he had dedicated the "Harper's Songs" from "Willhelm Meister," the following note:

"Well-born Sir! You have done me a really unmerited and quite especial honor in dedicating to me the twelfth work of your universally prized and favorite musical art productions. Accept, as well for this distinction and attention, as for the copy sent me of this excellent work, with your kind inscription, my much obliged thanks and the confession, that I acknowledge myself greatly your debtor. I have at the same time given a copy to my secretary, Herr Giesrigl, and one to Herr Prof. Kastl. Both were highly delighted with it.

"God, from whom cometh every good gift, has signally endowed you with so rare, so exalted a musical talent, that by its further development and exercise you can find for yourself a steadfast fortune. Heartily wishing this, I assure you that I am with distinguished consideration, your much obliged, and

Most devoted Servant,
Johann Nep., m|p, Bishop.

In 1823 he was made an honorary member by the musical societies of Linz and Graz.

In the years 1824 and 1825 we find him still engaged in restless production. To the first of these years belong: the composition of the Octet, for two violins, viola, clarinet, fagotto, horn, violon and 'cello, in D; the *Salve Regina* for four men's voices in C; the Introduction with the seven Variations on an original theme for pianoforte and flute; and the songs: "The Victory," "Evening Star," "Auflösung und Sehnsucht" (all by Mayrhofer), "In the evening red" by Lappe, and of course many others.

In 1825 he composed: A Sonata in C, and the following songs: "Fullness of Love," "Gravedigger's homesickness," the songs in Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake," the "Heimweh" and "Die Allmacht" (by Pyrker), "Evening song to the distant loved one," "In the wood and on the bridge," the "Blind Boy," and two songs from Schlegel's play "Lacrimas," all compositions of high worth. In the same year he travelled with Vogl through upper Austria and part of the Salzburg region. We have already alluded to his stay in Gastein and his meeting with L. Pyrker. In Gastein he composed a Symphony in C, and the well-known Sonata in A minor, op. 42, dedicated to the Arch-duke Rudolf.

The following letters, written by Schubert in

1824 and 1825, are characteristic of him and may not be uninteresting. The first is from Zelz, dated July 18, 1824, and addressed to his brother Ferdinand. It reads:

"About your quartet party I wonder all the more, that you were able to move Ignaz to it. But it will be better if you stick to other Quartets than mine; for there is nothing in it, except that they please you perhaps, as every thing pleases you that comes from me. The recollection of me is the dearest thing to me in it. Was it merely pain at my absence, that drew from you tears, which you did not trust yourself to write? Or did you, at the thought of me, oppressed with a mysterious eternal longing, feel your dark veil wrapped also around you? Or did all the tears, which you have seen me weep, come into your memory? Be that as it may, I feel it more distinctly at this moment, you or no one are my inmost friend, bound in with every fibre of my soul! — But lest these lines mislead you into thinking, that I am not well, or not in cheerful spirits, I hasten to assure you of the contrary. To be sure, it is no more that happy time, when every object seems to us surrounded with a youthful glory; but that fatal recognition of a miserable reality, which I seek through my imagination (thank God) to make as beautiful to me as possible. People think that happiness adheres to the spot where one once was happy, while it is only in ourselves; and so I experienced indeed an unpleasant illusion, and saw here renewed an experience which I had already had in Steyer; but I am now better able to find happiness and repose in myself, than I was then. As a proof of it, I send you a grand Sonata and variations on a theme of my own invention, both for four hands, which I have already composed. The Variations enjoy signal favor. About the songs handed over to — I console myself, since only some of them appear to me good, as: 'Wanderers Nachtlid' and the 'Entsühnte,' but not the 'Entführte Orest,' at which mistake I was obliged to laugh much. Try, at least, to get these back as soon as possible. I am the more glad, that you find yourself so well, because I hope that I myself this coming winter shall enjoy the sense of feeling well *most vigorously*. Greet our parents, brothers and sisters, and friends most heartily from me. For you a thousand kisses. Write as soon as possible and fare you well, right well. With love forever,

"Your brother Franz."

A second letter, written to his parents on the 25th of July, from Steyer, reads:

"Dearest Parents!

"I fairly deserve your reproach for my long silence; but as I do not like to write empty words, and our present times offer little that is interesting, you will forgive me that I begin with speaking of your affectionate letter. I was very glad to hear of the health of all, to which, the Almighty be praised, my own health may be added. I am now again in Steyer, but was six

weeks in Gmunden, whose surroundings are really heavenly; these, as well as their inhabitants, especially the good Traweger, moved me deeply and did me a great deal of good. At Traweger's I felt at home, entirely unrestrained. Afterwards when the Hofrath Schiller came, who is the monarch of the whole Salzkammergut, we dined every day (Vogl and I) at his house, and we made music a great deal both there and at Traweger's. Especially did my new songs out of Walter Scott's 'Lady of the Lake' prove a great success to me. Also they wondered greatly at my piety, which I have expressed in a hymn to the holy Virgin, which, it seems, takes hold of all souls and attunes them to devotion. I believe that comes from the fact that I never force myself to devotion, and, except when I am involuntarily overcome by it, I never compose such hymns or prayers; but then it is commonly the right and true devotion. From Gmunden we went by way of Pruhberg, where we met some acquaintances and stopped some days, to Linz, where we tarried eight days, which we spent alternately in Linz itself and in Steyeruck. In Steyeruck we staid at the Countess Weissenwolf's, who is a great admirer of my littleness, possesses all my things and sings many of them quite finely. The Walter Scott songs made such an extremely favorable impression on her, that it was evident the dedication of them would be anything but unpleasant to her.* In the publication of these songs, however, I think of making a different *manipulation* from the usual one, in which there is so little eye to the main chance; these bear the honored name of Scott upon their front; in this way they may excite more curiosity, and by the addition of the English text might make me also known in England. If only something decent could be made out of these dealers in Art! but the wise and beneficent regulation of the State has already taken care that the artist shall remain the slave of every wretched tradesman.

"As to the Milder's † letter, I am very glad of the favorable reception of 'Suleika,' although I could wish the *critique* had come to my own eyes, in order to see if something were not to be learned from it; for, favorable as the judgment may be, it may also be ridiculous sometimes, if the critic lacks the proper understanding, which not seldom is the case.

"In upper Austria I find my compositions on all sides, especially in the cloisters Florian and Kremsmünster, where, with the help of a brave piano-player, I produced my four-hand variations and marches with favorable success. They were pleased especially with the variations from my new Sonata for two hands (Op. 42), which I performed alone and not without success, some assuring me that the keys under my hands became singing voices, of which, if it is true, I am very glad, since I cannot endure the accursed hacking, which is peculiar even to distinguished

* They were dedicated to the Countess.
† The singer, Mme. Milder-Hauptmann.

players; it neither gratifies the ear nor the soul. At present I find myself again in Steyer, and if you will soon make me happy with a letter, it will still reach me here, since we tarry only ten or fourteen days, and then set out for Gastein, one of the most celebrated bathing places, about five days' distance from Steyer. I enjoy myself to an extraordinary degree upon this journey, since it makes me acquainted with the loveliest regions, and on our return we shall visit Salzburg, celebrated for its splendid situation and environments. The weather here during the whole of June and half of July was very unsteady, and then for fourteen days very hot, so that I grew really lean from perspiration, and now it rains nearly four days at a time. To Ferdinand and his wife and children my best greetings. I dare say he still creeps always to the Cross \ddagger and cannot get rid of D: and I am sure he has been sick again seventy-seven times and has believed himself nine times on the point of dying, as if dying were the worst thing that could befall us mortals. If he could only see for once these divine mountains and lakes, the sight of which threatens to crush us or to swallow us up, he would not love this petty human life so much, as not to deem it a great good fortune to be recommitted to the incomprehensible power of the earth for a new life.

"What is Carl \S about? He has very likely much to do now; for a married artist is pledged to produce both art and nature pieces, and if both kinds turn out well, he is doubly to be praised, for that is no small thing. I renounce that. The Schneider \parallel (tailor) and his Schneiderin (tailoress) must have a care to the coming little Schneider, or little Schneiderin, for the Schneiders are as numberless as the sands of the seashore, [here follows a string of puns on the word Schneider, which are untranslateable]. And now at last I must make an end to this prattle; I thought I was bound to make up for my long silence by a letter that should be *ditto*. Marie and Peppi \natural and the little Probstl I kiss a thousand times. For the rest, pray greet most heartily all that is greet-able. In expectation of a speedy answer, I remain with all love,

Your most faithful son,

Franz.

(To be continued.)

\ddagger A tavern, where the Schubert family used to come together. Franz disliked to go there, because the host adulterated the wine, so that it gave him the headache.

\S His brother, the landscape painter.

\parallel Schubert's brother-in-law, a school-teacher.

\natural His sisters.

Translated for this Journal.

Twenty-six Letters of Joseph Haydn.

(Continued from page 317.)

5.—*Mad. Geuzinger to Haydn.*

Dated Vienna, Nov. 12, 1790.

* * * * *

I am unable adequately to express the pleasure, which I felt in reading your treasure of a letter of the 9th inst., or how completely I am repaid for my pains by your satisfaction with the result; I desire nothing more anxiously than to have more leisure (from my very many domestic duties)—for then I should certainly devote many hours to music, which is my most beloved and delightful occupation. Be not displeased, most worthy Herr von Haydn, that I intrude upon you again with a letter (for I would not let this

good opportunity pass without informing you of the due receipt of yours). With longing desire I look forward to the happy day, when we shall see you again here in Vienna. I command myself anew to your friendship and kind remembrance, and remain unchanged,

Your most truly devoted, &c., &c.

My husband and children commend themselves also most heartily to you. The bearer of this is a jeweller of this city—named Seibert—an upright man.

6.—*Haydn to Mod. Geuzinger.*

Dated Estoras, Nov. 18, 1790.

* * * * *

The letter, which I have received by the hand of Herr jeweller Seibert, gives me another proof of your excellent heart, in that, instead of chiding me for my recent fault, you express so much friendship toward me that it—in addition to so much forbearance, kindness and special attention—has fairly astonished me; for which, however, I kiss your Grace's hand a 1000 times. Should my small talents be such as to enable me to make any return for so much that is flattering—I venture to send your Grace a small vase of musical flowers. True, I do not find much that is fragrant in this Potpourri—but perhaps the publisher will make amends in future numbers. If the symphony contained in the work should happen to be one of your arrangements—ah, then I am more than satisfied with the publisher; if not, then I venture to pray your Grace to have one of your Grace's arrangements copied, no matter which, and I will send it at once to the publisher in Leipzig.

I am happy thus to have hit upon an occasion, which gives me the hope again of a few beautiful lines from your hand. Meantime I am with particular respect,

Your Grace's lifelong, &c., &c.

7.—*Haydn to Mod. Geuzinger.*

Dated at his house in Vienna,

January 28, 1790.

* * * * *

I give your Grace notice that all the arrangements have been made for the proposed small quartet party next Friday. Herr von Häring thinks himself lucky to serve me on that occasion—all the more because I described to him your kindness and all the various claims your Grace has upon me.

And now all I ask is some small applause. Your Grace must not forget to invite the Pater Professor. Meantime I kiss your hand and am

Your Grace's &c., &c.

(To be continued.)

Musical Devotions.—*Vespers.*

(From the Christian Inquirer.)

Vespers mean an evening service, as *matins* mean a morning service. The word is derived from *vespera*, the Latin for the evening star.

The Jews had "an evening sacrifice." "At even was the Lord's passover." Hence Christ observed the Last Supper at that hour. There is much in the evening, as the morning hour, naturally to prompt us to devotion. The duties of the day done, its sun set, we spontaneously turn to the sheltering, calming Providence, to the soothing Spirit, and, like Isaac of old, go forth "to meditate at eventide."

The idea of a Vesper Service in Unitarian churches was first carried into practical effect by Rev. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, of Brooklyn, December 19th, 1858. His devotional and aesthetic

genius fitted him to be a leader in such a reform. But for two or three years, though the experiment succeeded admirably in his own church, little fruit seemed to come of it in the way of extension to other societies. Mr. Longfellow published his Book of Vesper Chants and Hymns in 1859. A new work, probably, in some respect, better fitted for our present use, is about to be issued by Rev. Dr. OSGOOD.

Vespers have been introduced within the last year or two, with various modifications upon the original idea, in Rev. Dr. OSGOOD's Church of the Messiah, New York; Rev. Dr. FARLEY's Church of the Saviour, Brooklyn; Rev. Dr. HALL's Church, Providence, R. I.; Rev. E. E. HALE's Church of the Unity, Boston; Rev. Mr. POTTER's Church, New Bedford; and probably in some others, of which we have not heard. In Hope Church, Yonkers, they were introduced soon after the entrance of the Society into their new house of worship, Nov. 17th, 1861; and it has been unanimously voted by the Society to have the service on every Sunday evening.

Some of the advantages of Vespers are these—the introduction of more music: more reading of the Scriptures; a shorter and more spirited service; a greater participation of the congregation in the act of praise and worship; the explanation of the Bible as a part of the service; and more reliance upon the affectional and devotional and less upon the mere intellectual influences of the service. * * * * *

One of the effects of the Reformation was to strip the service of the church, in a measure, of its music, as well as the church itself of ornaments. The chants were discarded. The good old hymns, fragrant with the piety of generations long past, were put away. To be sure, Luther and others wrote grand lyrics of their own, and Protestant hymnology has accumulated rare treasures. But music was suspected of Romish leanings, and instruments were put under ban. Many a hard battle has been fought in parishes to introduce the organ, the violin, and the violoncello. They were branded as the tools of the devil. But the descendants of the Puritans have been slowly coming round to appreciate music more highly, and the other aesthetics as well as ethics of religion. The new and more beautiful churches of our faith stand as one of the ripest and richest fruits of the spirit of a new age in this particular. The Vesper Service is its fitting accompaniment.

The churches of all times have all laid much stress on music. The Psalms of David are full of appeals to the music of devotions. They were lyrics sung by the Jews. The variety of instruments employed was greater than in any modern church, and comprised a full orchestra. We believe much improvement is yet to be made in this direction in our churches. It may be questioned whether the organ is quite enough for the highest results of sacred music. It is too solemn, heavy, and monotonous as a sole instrumental reliance. Its exclusive employment in sacred music would be paralleled by using the drum only in the army.

The best expression of many of the deeper and subtler feelings of our nature is in music. A song expresses more sentiment than a sermon. It is, in its nature, lyrical, spontaneous, and infinite. It is the language of the heart. It is, especially, suited to express the vast, the high, the immortal sentiments of religion. Words are too tame and precise. Creeds are too rigid. The wondrous magic of music must be invoked to raise the highest feelings of devotion. The effect of music is seen every day. A band cannot pass along the street without calling together a crowd. A surgeon on the Upper Potomac testified to the curative influence of the regimental bands in the recovery of the wounded soldiers.

All the great churches—the Jewish, Catholic, Greek, Methodist—have made much account of sacred song. Our Saviour and his apostles employed devotional strains of music. Wesley remarked that he did not see why the devil should have all the good tunes. He adapted many to the use of the church. Nothing searches, soothes, arouses, and transports the soul like mu-

sic. Tired soldiers on a march, fainting and falling, have been known to rally their strength, and spring forward with fresh energy, under the inspiring effect of a stirring patriotic air. How could a war be carried on without music? As little can a church make good its work without it. Make melody in your hearts when you sing, and you awaken a thousand echoes in the hearts of all around you.

As a modern writer has said, "what a mystery is music—visible, yet making the eye shine; intangible, yet making all the nerves to vibrate; floating between earth and heaven; falling upon this world as it were a strain from that above, ascending to that as a thank-offering from ours! It is God's gift, and it is too lofty for anything but his praise; too near the immaterial to be made the minister of sordid pleasure; too clearly destined to mount upwards to be used for inclining hearts to earth. O that the churches knew how to sing—making music a joy, a triumph, a sunshine, a song of larks, as well as a midnight song of nightingales!"

Singing is described as one of the occupations of heaven. If we sing more, and complained less, we should be better fitted to enter the celestial choir. In the symphony of heaven, devotion may be quite as necessary to make a good singer as time or tune. It is well to practise here on that mode.

Balfe's New Opera "The Puritan's Daughter."

(From the London *Athenaeum*.)

It would be idle to expect that, after so many years of practice and popularity, Mr. Balfe will now remake himself; therefore it would be lost time to point out again what is wanting to his style, which separates him from those complete masters of their craft, the Rossinis, Meyerbeers, Aubers of modern opera, whose choicest works not only attract during the period in which they are born, but also return, after the lapse of years, with new individuality, if not freshness, given to them by contrast. One thing, however, may be insisted on, for the sake of those who are to come, by Nature as liberally endowed with genius as the Irish boy whose setting of poor Haynes Bayly's "Lover's Mistake" was his start in popularity—and in reference and deference to that improvement of taste which is so remarkable in England—Mr. Balfe has too easily allowed himself to be controlled in places where he should have held his ground. Every one has laughed at the anecdote of Astley, who informed the orchestral player, counting his bars, that he was not there to rest. Every one has held up classical eyes and hands at the paltry managerial taste which, some thirty years ago, insisted on the removal of all serious constructed music from every new opera in English, and allowed the translated masterpieces of the German and Italian age to be patched and weakened by interpolations. But abuses as great remain untouched; the folly of which will, so long as it is endured, preclude the establishment of a real English school of opera in conformity with the requirements of this time. The notion that every tale, whether it be serious or comic, pastoral or fantastic, Chaldean or belonging to Cornwall, must contain a certain number of ballads; and the resolution to poke these in somehow, no matter what be the passion, no matter how heavy the crowd on the stage, is entirely destructive of unity, character or color in opera, save it be a ballad opera. No treason is intended against that form of entertainment, which is susceptible of a charm and an artistic color of its own, let the words be only poetical and reasonable, such as Gay and Carey, and Bickerstaffe, and Sheridan, and Dibdin wrote, and if the melodies have the freshness of those by Arne, Shield, Storace, and Bishop. No objection is hinted against the introduction of "couplets," (to use the French term), in what may be called the level spaces of grave stories, when it is done with taste and discretion. But the apparition of a harp brought by a clodhopper into a corn-field, and with it a milking-stool, in order that the Rosetta of "Love in a Village" may sit down and sing "Oh, no, we never mention her," (which we have seen) is not more utterly at variance with every principle of drama, of music, of hope that our singers shall conceive their duties in dramatic spirit, than that fatal compliance with "the shops," and that fatal appetite for *encores*, which has forced "My mother's smile," and "My father's home," and "My sister's tear," and "My brother's heart," (not to speak of the ballads of the "dear cottage" and "the

sweet church bell," so prized by the *Mrs. Fuglestones and Mrs. Micawbers*), into positions so monstrous, that the experienced opera-goer naturally begins to wince and be afraid whenever a sentiment is expressed, or a season of the year mentioned. In the "Puritan's Daughter," an agony duet, which is to bring on the situation closing the first act, is brought to a full stop just ere its crisis, that Mr. Santley may express his feelings and exhibit his beautiful baritone notes on the subject of sad memories. In the third act, a character of genteel comedy, fairly placed by the dramatist and exceedingly well acted, (as we shall have to say), is turned upside down, in order that Mr. Harrison, who went to bed drunk, as *Lord Rochester*, when he wakes sober may have something very sentimental, if not very new, to deliver concerning the blessings of sleep. In the final scene, when death, conspiracy, terror, madness, are all in the fray, in place of the few frantic appeals of which the situation admitted, there must be a sweet tune about "a daughter's heart" for the heroine. The melody is meritorious, we admit, for the piano-fortes of *Miss Pinkerton's* establishment, but as much misplaced as would be a "Pas de Melancolie" with a muffled tambourine, executed by the pantomimist or the first dansuse of the theatre.

So clearly at variance with all common sense—so vicious, and destructive of progress, are these cut-and-dry requisitions, (no matter from whom they originate,) that we have small scruples in re-stating the absurdity—and the less because, in Mr. Bridgeman's share of this new drama for music there is much to praise, much of promise for the future. The story is welcome, because an English one—of the Cavalier and Puritan strife, which yielded a "Peveril" and a "Woodstock." It includes the contrast (always a musical desideratum) of the gay, frivolous, profigate courtier with the rigid, conscientious *Ironsides*—and the intermediate element of intrigue and hypocrisy on both sides. The heroine, *Mary Wolf*, (Miss Pyne) is a Puritan's daughter; (but how came a Puritan's daughter by her satins and pearls?) The lover, *Clifford*, (Mr. Santley—a welcome variety is a baritone lover), is a Cavalier. By accidentally becoming cognizant of a Puritan movement, Mary is placed in the grip of a wicked hypocrite, one *Seymour*, (Mr. St. Albyn), who claims her hand, and binds her by an oath of secrecy as the price of her lover's security. As if all this was not bad enough, *Charles the Second* (Mr. Patey) and *Rochester*, (Mr. Harrison) when disguised, out-a-roving and in need of shelter from a storm, get enmeshed in this nest of conspiracy and distress. The King, of course, makes love to the beauty on the strength of a wager with his rakish familiar. In the ardor of the encounter betwixt his pursuit and her indignation, the secrets of the two come out. The Monarch undertakes to see Mary righted, and the Puritan's daughter connives at the escape of the Cavalier King from his self-commissioned judges and executioners, by the agency of the now disabused Clifford, who loyally takes his sovereign's place. The reader will see in this a strong but thoroughly warrantable reminiscence of the duel scene in the park of "Woodstock." The third act is devoted to the solution of the difficulty—how, we need not detail. Enough to add that, among the other principal characters, is a cowardly serving man, *Ralph* (Mr. Honey) who is, by "right divine," enamored of a serving-maid, *Jessie*, (Miss Susan Pyne.)

There is, we repeat, in the above story excellent material for an opera-book. Mr. Bridgeman has, however, not sufficiently studied variety in its arrangement. Both the first and the second acts end with what may be called situations of suppressed emotion—in which anything like the effect of the great musical *final* is impossible. At the Third, of course, must close with the inevitable *canary bird* felicity of the *prima donna*, who, but two or three minutes before, had been trembling on the verge of madness and the grave.—Then, his scenes are two lengthy everywhere. The comical man, who "means well," becomes mournfully tiresome; the second encounter of misunderstanding between the jealous lover and his misunderstood lady would bear concentration; and *Lord Rochester's* tipsy sayings and doings become perilous, not because of their coarseness, so much as because of their quantity. All these, however, may be faults arising from inexperience. On the other hand, the book has many effective situations, and, what is rarer, the verse given to the musician to set is lyrically "well cut" for music—generally neat, without formality—the words, for the most part, familiar, without undue vulgarity, and sentimental (if not poetical), without involution or vagueness. Mr. Bridgeman may become a valuable assistant—let us rather say, a creative suggester—to future composers of English opera—and, as such, is an object of interest to all its well-wishers.

Of Mr. Balfe's share in the "Puritan's Daughter," there is no need to speak in detail. The concerted music is the most to our liking,—that given to the Puritans being often spirited and effective, and the business of the scenes is often led on and linked together by the animated use of some orchestral phrase, with a skill which belongs to the good school of writing. The ballads are clever, and some of them will become popular, it may be expected. There is life in the comic music—and if the "hiccup" in the drunken song is found too literal, the composer would have a right to appeal for precedent to theough in "La Traviata," and the snuff-music in M. Halévy's "Nabab." As in his later operas, Mr. Balfe has shown increased solicitude and finish in the treatment of his orchestra. The overture, however, barring its brief introduction in triple time, is not good—the subjects are not fresh, and the modulations are somewhat of the crudest.

"The Puritan's Daughter" was generally well performed; every one on the stage being steady in her and his part.

The work was received with every sign of enthusiastic approval. Composers, singers, publishers, managers could not desire an audience more eager to *encore*, more willing to enjoy, more patient with what is tedious. But thus also were received "Bianca" and "Ruy Blas,"—and this the managers of the Royal English Opera would do well to recollect, in conjunction with another fact, derived by experience of the Paris theatres. It is impossible to feed a repertory of grand opera rapidly. There have not been eight remunerating new successes during the past twenty years at the Grand Opera,—a theatre supported by the State, which has only to pick and choose among the authors and the composers of Europe! Thus, we must insist, no ordinary discretion in choice and effort is required in a country like ours, which, as regards its musical stage, is, to make the best of matters, but in a state of transition. The gambols and triumphs of Mr. Bunn ended, for him, not brilliantly, while they threw back the steady and progressive course of English opera for something like twice the number of years that his mismanagement held out.

On the Pretended Love for Classical Music.

[The following letter, written by a musical American, who seems much afraid of being humbugged by the "Classics," appeared last summer in the *New York Times*. We copy it to please the writer and amuse our readers.]

THROUGH CENTRAL EUROPE.

Dresden, Thursday, Oct. 25, 1860.

I spoke, in a former letter, of certain resemblances between the North-German race and our own. One of the most striking of these is, if not a love of humbug, at least a facility in self-delusion. I was led to remark this more particularly the other evening, on the occasion of the first of the Winter series of classical concerts given in the hall of the Hotel de Saxe. Here assembles the *elite* of Dresden society throughout the Winter, paying very high prices, suffering the inconveniences of uncomfortable seats, bad air, and a very short performance with little or no interval admitting of circulation and social intercourse—on the other hand, gaining classic instrumental music most admirably performed. How many of the large assemblage of, to all appearance, earnest worshippers receive their *quid pro quo*, must probably ever remain a secret. The application of the confessional, or even the rack would be vain; for it might not lie in the power of the sufferer to give such an account of his own feelings as would settle the question.

In Hans Andersen's tale of the King, who affected to dress himself in the robes which the *sor distans* manufacturers assured him were only invisible to those unworthy of office and to the hopelessly stupid, but who, in point of fact, walked out naked into the streets,—when the crowd professed admiration for the beauty of the dress, the humbug was too transparent to last long, and it required but the voice of one independent person to end it and force the rest to admit it. It was a simple question of fact: is the King naked or is he not? All pretending to admire his dress were arrant liars.

Far be it from me to lay such a charge at the door of that large body of respectable, conscientious Germans and Anglo-Saxons who profess admiration for the classics and refuse all merit to others. That there are among them those who understand and really enjoy such music, it would be idle to deny. That there are also very many who honestly and conscientiously believe that they enjoy it, will be readily admitted. Whether they really do take an intelligent and truly artistic pleasure is another question. Pleasure there doubtless is. It would be a

gross slander to imply that, of the multitudes who attend the performance of such music, the mass is actuated by the base desire of cheating others into the belief that they enjoy what they go to hear, when they are simply bored. No. If an artistic temperament is not a commonly diffused gift—if art-education is not so universal as to make it possible to collect more than a very few capable of appreciating the ingenuity and artifice in the development of themes, which constitute much of the merit of the classic musical writers—there are in our race other qualities, and those of a high order, in the moral scale. We have a love of progress, a conscientious ardor to learn, and learn the right thing. If we cannot judge what is good and worthy of admiration in art by ourselves, we do our best to find out what is, and hunt it down with the instinct of a blood-hound. We are not to be cheated out of our course by wayside flowers. What really is capable of giving us pleasure and is within our grasp we pass by unheeded. Military bands, popular melodies, even the brilliant lights of the Italian operatic school, we scorn to touch. *Excelsior* is our motto: *Aut Casar aut nihil our cry.* The result is, few get any higher, and the majority, grasping at the Imperial shadow, are forced to put up with the alternative, and lose the meat that God and nature intended for them.

The conscientious pursuit of naught but the greatest and best is excellent in morals, but the rule does not hold good in artistic any more than intellectual education. Aim the shafts of your benevolence, your fortitude, your self-denial, at the sun; but, in all else, let your progress be slow enough to be sure. It is not usual to put Aristotle into the hands of infants, nor do we offer the Mecanique Celeste to boys about to begin mathematics. We go from the known to the unknown.

So in art. We must start from what is really felt and enjoyed, if we are to improve the taste and elevate the feelings. We must go low enough for our foundations.

It will not do to thwart nature. The hearing music in which one feels no real pleasure other than the conscientious thrill that one is hearing what others say is the true thing, will not create a love for it, any more than one substance will combine chemically with another, for which it has no affinity, by constant juxtaposition. If your soul is stirred by the martial strain of a brass band, follow it. Own to it. Be not ashamed of your nature, and deny what you feel, because some one says it is a low taste. If the sparkling muse of Rossini attract you—if the deep pathos of Bellini move you—if the grand characteristic *finals* of Verdi bring your heart to your mouth—feel no shame for it. If you can only take pleasure in a simple melody with sentimental words and an accompaniment that never goes beyond the two simplest chords—buy it and make the most of it. It is an honest pleasure at least, and may be an entering wedge for something higher in time. Those who saw in the immense sale in England and America of such music as Old Dog Tray, reason for despair, should have hailed it as a germ of hope. Here at least then is something genuine. Some love of music there must be—a fact not necessarily proved by fashionableness throngs at Beethoven concerts.

The course pursued by the musical leaders of our public resembles that of a certain schoolmaster who, every Saturday afternoon, had two tables set; the one covered with books, the other with gingerbread. The first he called the table of reason; the last the table of sense. The boys soon found out what they ought to like best, and when called on to make choice, always declared for the table of reason, and were rewarded accordingly, with a piece of gingerbread from the other table. One little fellow, however, not knowing the secret, said honestly that he preferred the table of sense, and so, not only forfeited his gingerbread, but got a good whipping for confessing to such bad taste.

We should not be above taking a lesson from the French and Italians in these matters. Whatever their faults, they do not generally deceive themselves as to their likes and dislikes, and never care to appear to like what they do not. With them a name goes for little. They believe in their own taste and judgment, and would as soon object to hear music because the composer had not a known name, as any of us would object to testing a pudding without a certificate of the qualification and notion of the cook. We know well enough what pleases our palate—we know what is good, as the saying is—and probably all the professors in the world could not induce us to make a meal of horse-flesh.

A few seasons since, Verdi's opera of "Rigoletto" had been performed a great many evenings at the Paris Academy of Music. On a certain evening a change was announced. "Don Giovanni" was promised, with a new tenor. But, at the last moment,

the manager came forward and announced that, from unfavorable circumstances, Mozart's opera could not be produced that evening, and the only attraction was "Rigoletto" once more. A storm of applause greeted this announcement, and the "table of sense" (for thus we are taught to consider Verdi) was eagerly devoured, and that of reason turned over to us children of the light.

Anglo-Saxons go so far in the other extreme as sometimes to be satisfied with Mozart's name alone. That Mass which, under the name of "Mozart's Twelfth," is the one, perhaps, in highest repute in England and America, was, a few years ago, offered to a Committee of the highest authority in Germany to decide on its merits. The verdict was, for various reasons stated at length in the report, that it had no claim to be considered one of Mozart's compositions. This report, with its attendant circumstances, can be found in one of our leading musical journals, making a part of a letter from an intelligent correspondent in Germany. About the same time, copy of this Mass was put into the hands of a distinguished Italian contrapuntist, a great admirer of Mozart and all the shining lights of the German school. He had no knowledge either of the Mass, or of the high reputation it held in England and America, and with no interest or feeling to bias his judgment, it might be supposed to be as fair as it is possible to obtain by human means. His report was to this effect: that, whilst it must be admitted that Mozart, like "the good Homer, sometimes naps," yet in all his works there is something which shows his stamp. In this work he found *nothing at all*, and pronounced it unhesitatingly wholly unworthy of his pen.

One such fact should make us of the many very cautious about putting ourselves into the hands of leaders as blind as ourselves. Following our own tastes, such as they are, (and one must be very insincere with himself not to know what he really does like), we may, it is true, incur the charge of bad taste. But is not this better than trusting wholly to another's guidance, to get to cheat ourselves and others into the belief that we really are following our own tastes—hugging ourselves the while for our discrimination—and at last find out that, after all, we are worshipping a false god? Have not those hundred thousand purchasers of honest Old Dog Tray a right to laugh at us? And would it not have been better to follow his point, though it led but to sparrow, than, hunting for eaglets, to run the risk of being lured by some treacherous *ignis fatuus* to the edge of a precipice, where there is no escape but by a plunge into bathos?

While on the subject of classical music, a word may be allowed on the exclusive claim set up by Philo-Teutonists to being sole possessors and patentees of the genuine article. With many things seem to have got to such a pass that the adjective *German* represents the good, and *Italian* the evil—the Ormuzd and Ariman of the Persians. This simple and easy rule for the neophyte, and one knows at once what to praise and what to avoid. I think, nevertheless that something may be said for the cradle of the arts—the land from whence have come some of the finest of human creations.

No good judge doubts the science of the old Italian musicians. Palestrina, Leo, Scarlatti, Jomelli—indeed, an endless list of celebrated writers, form too strong a phalanx to be overthrown. It is claimed, indeed, by the Italians, that their countrymen carried the art on by greater strides than their German contemporaries. Marcello, flourishing at the same time with Sebastian Bach—dying, indeed, seven years before him—has in his psalms all modern effects and harmonies. We find here the extreme sharp sixth, the diminished seventh, the seventh of the seventh, the flat fifth with seventh—also enharmonic changes, and with a beautiful melody, which, though by some of the modern German school it might seem to be thought out of place, cannot by the majority of artists be so judged when combined, as it is, with learning and taste.

Later, Fenaroli, the head of the Neapolitan Academy, immortalized himself, at least in Italy, by his Partimenti, or studies in Thorough Bass, which the French school of the day was not capable even of understanding, and required a key to be published by one of Fenaroli's scholars. They were known in Germany, and it is said that Beethoven shows proof of having studied them. Cherubini is admitted by the German side, on the plea that he resided abroad. But he grounded himself in Italy, and rather imparted his science to those among whom he lived than received it at their hands. In modern times, who can go beyond Raimondi, of Palermo, called to Rome a few years ago to assume the baton of Chapel-master at St. Peter's? His climax was an Oratorio, or rather, a trinity of Oratorios, capable of being performed separately or together—a perfect

miracle of contrapuntal ingenuity. Who, too, that knows Picchianti, Professor of Counterpoint at the Florence Academy of Fine Arts, can doubt that it is only his modesty and willingness to blow his own trumpet, that have deprived him of a European fame?

Whatever may be thought elsewhere, the Germans themselves by no means hold the Italian school in contempt. Mozart studied in Bologna; Handel wrote for the Italian theatres. So did Meyerbeer. I had the pleasure of meeting in Rome, some years ago, with two students of music from Northern Germany. One talked of going to Palermo to study fugues with Raimondi; the other, Rheinthal, has since become known as the author of the oratorio "Jephtha," which, according to the *Athenaeum*, falls but little short of being a first-class work. I mention him that I may call him into court to testify in the present question. Having heard a composition of a Florentine student, he was with difficulty made to believe that the author had not studied in Germany. He may be considered a good judge, for those who have read Hiller's conversations with Rossini, may remember that, in answer to an inquiry who were the best teachers in Germany, Hiller only gives the name of Rheinthal.

As the partisans of what may be called the transcendental school of music in Germany are very severe in their attacks on Verdi, who, to say nothing of his success in Italy, is now the most popular composer in Paris, London and Vienna, one is naturally desirous of seeing specimens of these living masters whom they hold in high regard. Of these, the name of Robert Franz has, of late years, been most frequently heard among them. He is not known in Europe except by a few in Germany. It was, therefore, only lately that an opportunity offered of seeing his works. I had the pleasure of laying a large collection of his songs before some eminent Italian professors of composition. Italians are by no means exclusively wedded to their own great names. They are too cosmopolitan not to recognize merit wherever it exists. Bach, Handel, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, are all authorities in their schools, and a professor is thought unworthy of his place, who is not familiar with these authors, and whose library cannot afford the student an opportunity of examining them. But on the occasion of the introduction to them of Franz, truth compels me to say that he was welcomed with roars of laughter. The highest praise vouchsafed was that all was not hopelessly bad (*non è tutto cattivo, cattivo.*) The voice part, they said, was entirely sacrificed, and though the author showed no lack of learning, that was his only claim to notice. The same was said of his "Kyrie Eleison," which an American critic has characterized as poetic.

The feeling that some of the followers of this new apostle in music evince, is of such a nature as to bar the door against all discussion. It partakes of the nature of a religious sentiment, that will not allow the question of its idol's merit to be mooted. The few songs which, to common ears, appear the most intelligible, are by them considered the least meritorious. There seems to be in this something of that paradoxical spirit of our nature, which delights in what promises the least pleasure. As the French exquisite, in the time of tight trowsers, told his tailor when he was taking his measure, *si j'y entre j'e ne les prend pas*, so whatever these enthusiasts suspect themselves of liking they put on one side. The bitterer the dose, the quicker the cure; the more painful the operation, the surer its success. These musical Fakirs would not only hang themselves on hooks, but assure us it is a pleasurable sensation.

But let our composer speak for himself. Look at the first song, I believe, that he published, "Zwei schöne Augen." Could not two beautiful eyes suggest anything more poetic than this? The "Lotosblume" is one of those most frequently sung. It ends on the seventh, a half note below the key note! Is this poetry? or simply license? And for what purpose? I think, too, I remember a "Frühling's Lied," at least I recollect a certain dreariness of effect which might impel a listener to apostrophize the author in the lines of Goethe:

"Frühling ist es, liebes Fraenchen?
Aber, leider, Herbst für mich!"

But there are other differences among musicians; not only the champions of Germany and Italy, but the partisans of the old and new meet hostilely in this field, as in every other. The radical party in art must be small, for there are few who do not recognize the excellence of the old masters. We are nearly all, to a certain degree, *laudatores temporis acti*. But this proper appreciation should not degenerate into prejudice. The world is not at a standstill. What man has done, man may do. Whatever may be said of art and literature, all must admit sci-

Chopin's Mazurkas.

17

Presto, ma non troppo. (d. = 76.)

No. 4. Op. 6. No. 4

p Ped.

p Dolce e leggiero.

tr

fz *p* Legato.

p *fz* Fine.

Chopin's Mazurkas.

Vivo. ($\text{d.} = 60.$)

No. 5.

Op. 6.—No. 5.

emplice. *Dim.*

Ped.

Mezza voce.

Ped. *

Sotto voce.

Ped. *

Cres.

Ped. * *S.*

Dal Segno senza Fine.

Vivace. ($d = 52.$)

No. 6. Op. 7.—No. 1.

f Cres. *ff* *tr*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Cres. *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

tr

f *p*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

p Legato. *Stretto.*

Chopin's Mazurkas.

Sheet music for Chopin's Mazurkas, featuring six staves of musical notation for piano. The music includes dynamic markings like *tr*, *Poco rall.*, *A Tempo*, *f*, *ff*, *fz*, *pp*, and *sottovoce*. Pedal markings like *Ped.* and *** are also present. The staves are separated by vertical bar lines, and the music is divided into measures by vertical bar lines.

ence to be essentially progressive. Newton and Davy, great discoverers though they might be, could learn something now from a tyro; and Fulton would not be held at present the highest authority in steam. May it not be so in music? Have we not, at least, as large an armory as Bach and Handel? Whether future artists shall arise who will wield the weapons to as good purpose, depends on other circumstances beside the date of birth.

A few years since, a gentleman, believing that there was much prejudice enlisted in both the subjects of dispute alluded to, proposed an *experimentum crucis* as a double test. He gave the top line or melody of an old Lutheran choral, which had been harmonized in two manners by Bach, to a distinguished Italian professor, requesting him to harmonize it. This was done in three different manners. Again, two other arrangements under the same circumstances were made by one who had only studied in Italy. The whole seven were sent to a strenuous advocate of the German school, with a proposal to submit them to a Committee. It is not known whether this was done, as no answer was received. Chance, however, subsequently brought into the neighborhood of the originator of the plan a learned professor who devoted his life to old church music, was familiar with Bach, and a great admirer of him. This fact must be borne in mind. The seven arrangements were given to him, without any explanation, and with the sole request that he would place them according to his estimate of their merit. At the end of several weeks a report was made, and the harmonies of Bach headed the list. The report gave evidence of a very thorough and conscientious study. In answer to an inquiry whether there was any internal evidence to prove that they could not all be by the same hand, an addition was made to the report to this effect, that there was not. "But in that case the writer must be familiar with the German style of part-writing, as displayed in the two he had placed first, which also struck him as resembling Bach." Here was a triumph for the judge at least, whatever may be said of the parties to the suit. These chorals were also submitted to a German amateur of taste and knowledge. He judged them rather by their effect than by a minute study. According to his verdict, the Bachs had the second and third place.

From all this enough appears to prove that the difference between Germany and Italy, between old and new, is not so very marked but that a majority of listeners might confound them on a single hearing; at least could have no cause to see all evil in one and all good in the other. I might say more. I might speak of an ardent Germanian attributing a composition of Verdi's to Beethoven. But enough. There is such a thing as having too good a cause.

In conclusion I would venture an opinion, that each age should, in a certain degree, act up to its own lights, being at the same time not unmindful of the beacons of former times. There is always a large conservative class ready to deny everything new; but what is good, will probably, in spite of them, be recognized at last. Even Mozart and Beethoven were scouted as reformers; Rossini's "Barber" was voted a failure, and he would be a bold man who would venture a wager that Verdi will not be held a classic, after his death, by a majority of judges; or even Franz himself, certainly no common master of harmony, provided he would only agree to end on some one of the intervals of the common chord, and would vouchsafe something like a melody for the voice part that plain people can appreciate, without being obliged to accept it on the authority of an acolyte, and live on faith a year or two before the holy of holies is opened to them. Jacob served seven years for Rachel, but did not get her then. And the most conscientious student of Franz may be pardoned, if sometimes he faint under his task, and think with Mr. Weller, that it is not worth while going through so much to get so little. X.

MUSIC WITHOUT NOISE.—A Great Musician, as everybody knows, composed certain "Songs without Words," but Mendelssohn, in producing those apparently impossible works, accomplished a difficulty less arduous than that which has been surmounted by the inventor of an instrument advertised by Mr. Chappell of Regent Street, as—"Azémar's Silent Practice Drum."

The handbill headed as above informs us that:—

"For the purposes of practice, the Silent Drum possesses all the advantages of a real one: it offers the same resistance and rebound to the sticks, and admits of an equal degree of force and action in beating, unaccompanied, however, by the excessive noise which precludes the possibility of a drum being practiced in-doors."

We would say that not only does the Silent Drum possess all the advantages of a real one for purposes of practice, but is also free from all the disadvantages of a drum which, when beaten, makes a noise. A solo on the drum is a musical performance to which few persons would like to listen under any circumstances; but when executed as a piece of practice, especially in doors, it must be extremely far from agreeable to anybody within hearing.

Well, but some one will say, what is the use of a Silent Drum? Might not the drummer, for purposes of practice, as well beat the air? This question is provided with an answer in the subjoined statement:

"The degree of correctness in the beating is accurately ascertained by a slight sound, as well as by the vibration on the leg, to which the Silent Drum is strapped; this position of the drum on the leg also corrects the fault, common to beginners, of allowing the sticks to drop towards the right. The small circumference of this instrument compels the drummer to concentrate the blows, and its rim ensures the sticks being kept at a proper height. The Silent Drum is very portable, six of them occupying less space than one ordinary side drum."

The fact that the small circumference of the instrument compels the drummer to concentrate his blows, will be apparent from the following:

"*Directions how to use the Silent Drum.*—Strap it on the left leg, a little above the knee, the iron tongue resting against the inside of the same; when standing, the left leg must rest on some slight elevation; when sitting, the left leg to be bent under, and the right one stretched out, with the right side of the drum resting on it."

When sitting, at least, the drummer, if he missed the drum, would very likely hit the leg against which it would rest, and give himself an unpleasant whack on the knee, which would forcibly remind him of the necessity of concentration in aiming his drumstick at its mark.

Mr. Thomas Carlyle, in many of his humorous writings, takes frequent occasion to impress upon his readers the great value of the Silences. Among the Silences there are few more valuable, especially for purposes of practice, than the Silent Drum. M. Azémar would confer a great boon upon society, and particularly the studios, part of it, if he could contrive to invent some other Silences of the musical kind. A silent piano in the next house would be a real blessing to many a person whose auditory nerves are sensitive; so would a silent flute, a silent fiddle, or a silent cornopeon. Let M. Azémar consult Mr. Babbage, who made the calculating machine, and abhors street-music; let them lay their heads together, and try if, between them, they cannot invent a silent grinding-organ, a silent brass band, and a silent bagpipe; to the use of which itinerant Italians, Germans, pseudo-Scotchmen, and other creators of public discord, should be restricted by Act of Parliament.—*Punch.*

Adelaide or Alice?

(From the London Musical World, November 2.)

Sir,—Having read in your *Musical World* of today another portion of a letter from an American, in which he classes various singers that might have been heard lately in London, he mentions amongst the contralti, "Miss Adelaide Phillips (has not sung)"—of course, he means in London. It is evidently an error. He means, no doubt, my daughter, Miss Alice Phillips, who has appeared in the North, and in Birmingham, Oxford, &c., but not yet in London, being in my estimation too young, only seventeen, yet still possessing a remarkably fine and deep contralto, and I hope sufficient talent to perpetuate my name in the musical world—I mean in its literal sense—as well as deserving the good opinion of your valuable columns whenever she may venture to bring forth your notice. I am, &c.

Edgbaston, Oct. 19, 1861. HENRY PHILLIPS.

(From the London Musical World, Dec. 7.)

Sir,—Miss Adelaide Phillips, of Boston, U. S., and not Miss Alice P., daughter of H. P., Esq., is the lady whom the correspondent of *Dwight's Journal* regretted not to have heard in London. Miss Adelaide P. is a favorite in the American cities in such parts as Azucena in the *Trovatore* and Madeline in *Rigoletto*, and the best New England singer of "He was despised," and songs of that class in Handel's oratorios. She was indebted in part to the generosity of Madame Goldschmidt for the pecuniary means of completing her musical education in France and Italy. I am not a critic of vocalists, and there-

fore it is of little importance that few songresses give me so much pleasure as Miss Ada. Phillips.

A. W. T.

[From the London Musical World, Dec. 21.]

Sir,—A few further particulars respecting a young lady destined, if I mistake not, to take a high position among the professors of the lyric art, will, perhaps, be acceptable. Miss Adelaide Phillips is an Englishwoman, having been born in Bristol, where her father was a chemist and druggist, and her mother a professor of dancing. When his daughter was about six years of age, Mr. Phillips hoping, like many before him, to better his position in life, emigrated with his family to America, and settled in Boston. The young Adelaide at a very early age displayed great aptitude for the stage, and gave unmistakable signs of possessing a fine contralto voice. Her father obtained engagements for her at the Museum, Boston, at Philadelphia, and other towns, and she played a variety of characters from "Little Pickle" (as she grew older and her vocal powers developed themselves) up to Lacy's English version of "La Cenerentola." Mad. Lind-Goldschmidt upon her visit to the United States, being much struck with the voice and talent of Miss Phillips, strongly recommended her father to send her to Europe for instruction. He candidly confessed his inability to meet so heavy an expense; upon which Mad. Goldschmidt suggested the getting up a benefit for the purpose of raising the necessary funds. In addition to the profits arising from this source, several merchants and gentlemen of Boston sent handsome subscriptions, and Mad. Goldschmidt generously added 250 dollars to the amount. Thus armed, Miss Phillips, with her father, started for Europe, and arrived in London in March 1852. She immediately placed herself, according to Mad. Goldschmidt's recommendation, under the able tuition of Signor E. Garcia, and I had the pleasure of being her instructor for the piano and harmony. After remaining a year and a half in London, Miss Phillips left for Italy, and sang at Brescia and other small towns; but upon her arrival at Milan she found great difficulty in obtaining engagements, owing to the number of artists, from various countries, who were waiting to pay the managers of the opera for the privilege of singing. She played Arsace one night with great success, when Mr. Phillips, tired of being so long away from the country of his adoption, and anxious to rejoin his family, left Italy with his daughter, and passing through London in August 1855, reached Boston, where a sad blow awaited them—Mrs. Phillips dying almost immediately after their arrival. Since that time Miss Phillips has continued an uninterrupted career of success; and in various tours through the States has sung with the late lamented Mad. Bosio, Mlle. Patti, Ronconi (playing Rosina to his Figaro), Formes and the Gassiers, &c. The theatrical interest being the first to suffer from the effects of the unhappy civil war in America, Miss Phillips determined to take the opportunity of re-visiting Europe, and arrived with her eldest brother, in London in June. After spending a few weeks here, she left for Paris, where she made the successful debut in Azucena already announced in the journals. I am, Sir, yours obediently.

Dec. 9th.

W. CHALMERS MASTERS.

Music Abroad.

London.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The performance of the *Messiah*, (the third in four consecutive days), by the Sacred Harmonic Society, on Friday evening, the 13th inst., was one of the very best we remember, the choruses "going" with a spirit and energy rarely equalled. True, we have one objection to make, and that not for the first time; we refer to the peculiar reading of "For unto us a child is born." In order to heighten the effect upon the words, "Wonderful Counsellor," Mr. Costa takes the opening *piannissimo*, and thus for the sake of a startling contrast, the sense is completely sacrificed, for we can hardly imagine people whispering to each other, "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulders, and his name shall be called," and then suddenly bursting into the strongest shout, "Wonderful," &c. The absurdity of this is self-evident, and we can only express our surprise that the gentleman who so ably and energetically wields the *bâton*, should persist in continuing an innovation so opposite to the sense of the text. Mad. Guerrabella, on whom fell the entire weight of the soprano music, had already proved herself a thorough mistress of art, by her performance in Mr. Macfarren's *Robin Hood*.

THE LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION brought its third season to a termination on Saturday last, before an audience which more than filled the Dudley Gallery of the Egyptian Hall. A steadily increasing taste for this description of music has long been perceptible, and that the admirable performances of this well selected little company of singers has done much to foster and improve that taste, there can be but little question. The party, consisting of Miss J. Wells, Miss Fyles, Messrs. Baxter, Cumming, Lawler, and Land (under the direction of the latter gentleman), sing with a degree of precision, and an attention to the delicacies of light and shade, which it would be difficult to equal, and impossible to surpass, while the judiciously selected programme has afforded an opportunity of giving some of the most favorable specimens from the earliest to the latest writers.—*Musical World, Dec. 21.*

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The fourth concert by the students took place on the 14th inst., before an audience which filled to overflowing the far too limited space at the command of the institution. The first part comprised Mr. Henry Leslie's cantata of *Holymood*, the principal parts being sustained by Miss Robertine Henderson (Mary, Queen of Scots), Miss E. B. Hall (Mary Beaton), Mr. Wallace Wells (Rizzio), Mr. Rudkin (John Knox), all fairly and honorably exerting themselves, the first-named lady particularly merited the applause which greeted her. The chorus was open to exception on the score of occasional unsteadiness, and the band invariably too loud for so small a room, the effect being anything but pleasant to those in its immediate vicinity. A manuscript overture, by Mr. G. H. Thomas, student (and King's scholar, if we remember rightly), displayed a considerable amount of cleverness for so young a hand, being, on the whole, a meritorious composition, and one which would be more effective in a larger arena. Mr. Henry Davies gave an intelligent reading of Weber's *Concert-Stück*, and Mr. Walstein appeared with much credit in the C minor concerto of Beethoven. A selection of vocal music from the Italian masters, and Romberg's overture in D, completed the programme of this decidedly successful concert.—*Ibid.*

COLOGNE.—The managers of the Conservatory of Music have determined on giving, during the winter, a series of so-called Musical Evenings in the large room of the establishment. At these Musical Evenings, the audience will consist of subscribers to the institution, and other patrons and lovers of art, and the students will gradually learn to face a more numerous public, and give proof of the progress they may have made. The first concert of the series took place on the 2nd inst., when the young aspirants for artistic fame acquitted themselves in a highly creditable manner. The programme consisted of compositions by Rode and Beethoven for the violin; Capriccio in E major by Mendelssohn; concerto in A flat major, by Hummel; sonata, with violin, in E flat by Beethoven, and suite by J. S. Bach, for piano; soprano aria in F from *Don Juan*; female chorus, by Cherubini; alto aria from *Hercules*, by Handel, and a couple of two-part-songs, new, by Ferdinand Hiller.—*Mus. World, Dec. 14.*

BREMEN.—The Künstler-Verein have commenced operations for the winter season. At the first meeting, Professor Gravenhorst recited fragments from a new poetical version of the *Odyssey*, in which he treats the songs of Homer, as he formerly treated the Greek tragic writers, although with greater freedom and more in accordance with modern forms. After his recital, three members of the musical department of the Association, Herren Streundner, C. Schmidt, and Cabisius, jun., performed a trio by Anton Rubinstein. The next meeting, on the 20th ult., was dedicated to the memory of Handel, when the musical members availed themselves of the opportunity offered them of performing a work of that master, which has scarcely ever been heard here. This was one, or, to speak more correctly, two of the Oboc-Concertos, or *concertante* orchestral works, composed by Handel in the years 1716, 1720, inclusive, when he was musical director of the Duke of Chandos at Cannons. There is every reason to believe that these compositions were never played in Germany during the last century, while, during the present one, they have only been performed once in Dresden, namely, last winter. On the present occasion Dr. F. Chrysander, Handel's biographer, had the kindness to place the score in his possession at the disposal of the Association. These compositions had been most carefully rehearsed, and were admirably performed under the direction of Herr Rheinthalter. They are most interesting, not only as specimens of the mode of thought and instrumentation of the period at which they were written, as well as of the master's style, but they are conceived

in a grand and comprehensive spirit, and be token the mind of their creator, which was subsequently so powerfully developed. They are shortly to be published in conjunction with other pieces, such as the Organ-Concertos, the Water-Music, etc., with which they bear an affinity. They were preceded by some of Haude's finest bass arias, the performance having been previously inaugurated by a biographical introduction, giving a short account of the great master's labors, divided into three principal periods,—his years of study and travel, up to 1720; the years he devoted to the composition of operas, from that date up to 1740; and those he dedicated to oratorios, from the conception of *The Messiah* to his death in 1759.—The second Private Concert, on the 19th ult., proved by the performance of Mad. Clara Schumann, a worthy pendant to the first of the series, when Joachim delighted the audience. Mad. Schumann played Beethoven's Concerto in G major, and *The Carnival*, one of her husband's earliest compositions, whose second symphony in C major was afterwards executed by the orchestra, as a mark of their respect for this gifted lady. The orchestra executed, also, Mozart's overture to *Figaro*, and Beethoven's to *Leonore* (No. 3, C. major). Mlle. Mathilde Enquist Biondini, of Paris, sang Mendelssohn's Concert-Aria and an elegant *bravura* piece, with violin accompaniment, by Victor Massé. The opera is going on very well, and every praise is due to the management for the manner in which it is conducted.—*Corr. London Musical World.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JANUARY 11, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of CHOPIN'S "Mazurkas."

"De Gustibus."

To prove that we have not lost any of our old hospitality to views differing from our own, and to oblige the author, to whom we stand in cordial relations, and whose earnestness and self-truth we respect, however we may disagree in musical opinions, we have reprinted in another column a very curious letter re-opening the hopeless feud between German and Italian, classical and modern. With all deference to our anti-classical friend, who certainly makes some bright hits in the way of special pleading, we must say that his protest strikes us as an over-ingenuous piece of self-tormenting scepticism. Scepticism in itself is a good thing, no doubt. It denotes a disposition to be honest with oneself, to see and examine for oneself and believe only upon evidence. It is better than passive credulity, which weakens the mind until it loses all capacity of anything like real, practical conviction. But scepticism, from being such a safeguard to intellectual integrity, may degenerate into morbid suspicion and distrust, and so rob us of much light that is wholesome to all eyes. We think our friend in this case shows himself rather a victim of a sceptical turn of mind. For see to what an argument he is reduced, in order to upset the idol worship, as he deems it, of the lovers of classical German music :

He leaves his favorite Italy for a few weeks' tour of observation in Central Europe. He makes some stay in Dresden, where he hears classical music "most admirably performed," and where the *élite* of society crowd the hall and listen with evident devotion. The scene puzzles him, since he cannot enter into it entirely; he cannot see why Strauss and Verdi would not be quite as good. Ingenious scepticism, or the sceptical genius, is quick to suggest a solution of the problem, cutting the knot in this wise: They don't enjoy it; they only think they do; they are taught that it is their duty to enjoy Symphonies, Sonatas, &c., and find Bach, Mozart,

Beethoven divine; and so they flatter their consciences and imagine that the pleasant "thrill" is in their senses. This is the logic of it: "They seem to like it, but they certainly can't like it, because (as I and some others have found) it is impossible to like it!" Of course there is no argument to be held with one who takes that ground. If we cannot have credit for enjoying what we do enjoy, we can only pocket the insult as good-humoredly as possible, and be content with the enjoyment. We cannot afford of course to falsify our own experience for the sake of chiming in with your taste. If we find more delight in Bach or Beethoven, than we do in Verdi, shall we not "own to it?" Is not the rule as good in our case, as in that of the lovers of brass bands, Verdi, and "Old Dog Tray?" We do not insult you by questioning the sincerity of your love of those things; we claim on our part to be equally sincere, and just as little likely to be self-deceived.

It is quite possible, nay certain, that there are some persons in almost all audiences of classical music, who try to persuade themselves and the world that they enjoy because others do, because it is understood to be the thing sanctioned by the chief authorities in taste. But this, we apprehend, is quite as true of the Italian side of the house, as of the German; and fashion mingle with the musical attraction quite as much on *Rigoletto* nights, as on those dedicated to Mozart. Our sceptic reasons from particular exceptions, which should prove the rule, against the rule itself. Depend upon it, human nature is not half so self-denying as to persist in punishing itself, as you suggest, by listening to what only bores it. Call us knaves, but don't call us fools. What right have you to tell us that our love for Beethoven is not as "genuine," as any boy's love of the burnt cork "minstrelsy?"

Your case of Mozart's "Twelfth Mass" proves nothing—only another bit of special pleading. Admitting (what we never knew before) that some "Committee" (our friend is great on "Committees") has pronounced it not authentic, that does not prove the fact; nor does the fact, if proved, amount to more than this: that it is quite possible for non-expert lovers of the great masters to be deceived sometimes, and take a Mass or a Madonna by a third-rate hand to be a genuine Mozart or Raphael. Many are real lovers of high Art, who are by no means critics. And for such criticism, one needs to be musician as well as music-lover.

The other "Committee" experiment referred to, that of the Lutheran chorale, as harmonized by Bach and by modern Italian professors and students, is no less unsatisfactory. For who is to select the Committee? And who will rest in any verdict so obtained? Or, supposing that for once, in this given instance, the obscure Italian chances to do as well as Bach—does it prove that Bach's great fame, and all the reverence felt for him, is suddenly left tottering with its foundations knocked away? Shall I love Bach the less, because another harmonizes few bars as well as he? Have I been loving only a name then, and not the musical live thing itself? Rather a broad conclusion from one slender fact!

And what if some people are peculiar—"transcendental," if you please, though what you mean by it we hardly know—in their partiality to the songs of Robert Franz, who, as you truly say, is

not very widely known even in Germany? Perhaps it is a very whimsical and false liking. We, for one, "own to it;" we know many an earnest lover of Beethoven and Bach and German music generally, who does not, who cannot abide Franz more than he can Verdi, or the Wagner heresy. Franz must simply wait his time, like other men of genius, as we think him. But it is begging the question, to appeal to those Italian "roars of laughter." To some of us it only proves that the Italians have a *conventional* respect for great established names like Handel, Beethoven and Mozart, (just as you say the poor bored Germans have), while they have not a quick perception and appreciation of genius in a new man, when it comes to them in any other than an Italian garb. You may have fallen in with a fanatical admirer: but is your scepticism any less fanatical? As to the special criticisms on the songs adduced, it is enough to say that tastes differ, and we find melody where you do not—or at least something quite as interesting and expressive. Talk of "learning!" It is you, who would tie us down to rules this time, and not let us trust our feeling, our sense of what is beautiful. We trust Franz himself will see, for no doubt he will be amused by, the apt citation of the couplet from Goethe. The endearing diminutive "Fränzchen" is certainly happy; but we fear the "Spring song" was found dreary as an after-thought to justify the sly citation.

And now for some more logic. It is nonsense and self-delusion, forsooth, for so many of us to think that we enjoy Bach and the great German masters, because the simple fact is they are learned, dry and scientific, not half so juicy and enjoyable as the Italians. But now you tell us what great masters of fugue and counterpoint the Italian school has furnished and is furnishing to-day. You speak of the miraculous trinity of Raimondi's oratorio. There was science in the old Italian masters; there is science in the new. You claim for them the very merit which you think it so absurd to reverence when found in Germans. Is not the truth, however, just this: that no composer ever did, or ever can, win a lasting admiration by virtue of mere science, the mere mechanics of his art, unless he have also genius? Our scientific "armory" is of course as large now as that in Bach and Handel's time; but does it only take an armory to make a Bach? We are bound, you think, to believe in progress, and not imagine that the old masters are not everyday surpassed. What do you say of Shakespeare?

Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

The third concert, on Wednesday evening, was one of uncommon interest. The repetition of the Quartet of Beethoven's latest period did not diminish the attraction, for the hall was fuller than ever before. This was the programme:

1—14th Quintet in F, (with Contra-basso) <i>Moderato</i>	
<i>Missoetto—Andante—Finale, Allegretto. First time...</i>	<i>Onslow</i>
2— <i>Air—Caro cibus</i> from the "Praise Jehovah"	
<i>Miss Pearson</i>	<i>Mendelssohn</i>
3— <i>Concertante for two Violins, op. 48</i>	<i>Sporh</i>
<i>Messrs. Schultz and Meisel.</i>	
4— <i>Scena and Air, "Dove Sono" from Le Nozze de Figaro</i>	<i>Mozart</i>
<i>Miss Pearson.</i>	
5—13th Quartett in B flat, op 130. <i>Adagio and Allegro—Presto—Andante con moto—Alta danza tedesca—Cavatina, Adagio molto—Finale, Allegro (Second time).</i>	<i>Beethoven</i>

We have hardly ever listened to a more interesting and lifesome work of Onslow's (a composer, whom, with all his cleverness, we oftentimes find tedious) than this Quintet with contra-basso. A happy humor runs through all its movements; the ideas are fresh and natural; the treatment clear and satisfactory,

and within limits of becoming brevity. The contra-basso adds much to the euphony of the whole, and brings the other instruments forward into a more vivid light. The piece was remarkably well played; the neatness and elegance of Mr. SCHULTE's principal violin was particularly noticeable.

The Concertante by Spohr showed the executive abilities of the two artists to excellent advantage; the difference in the quality of their instruments was greater than that in their playing. The accompanying pianist, too, Herr Meyer, did his part artist-like.

Of the Beethoven Quartet we can only now say that it became both clearer and more interesting on a second hearing; there was every evidence that it made a deep impression on the most part of the audience. Indeed it has popular elements in it, three of its six movements (the 2nd, *Presto*, the 4th, in old German dance rhythm, quaint and witching, and the *Finale*, being light and readily appreciable. While in the remarkably difficult and elaborate *Adagio and Allegro* (first movement), the themes are so marked and decided, one of them almost suggesting words, that they take you irresistibly along with them. In the *Andante con moto*, still more complicated and individual in each phrase of its four parts, yet each phrase is so characteristic as to make all clear; and how wonderfully full of beauty and deep soul it is! The Cavatina (*Adagio molto*) is altogether heavenly. We are not prepared for an analysis, but there is no denying the magical charm of the whole work. Shall we not hear it yet again?

Miss PEARSON is an interesting singer, with a clear and telling mezzo soprano voice, which she seems to produce, however, too much from the throat, in a way wearing to itself. Her style is large and simple, suited to such noble music as she had to sing! though better suited to the piece from Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*, than to *Dove sono*, for which she has hardly schooled her organ to sufficient delicacy, although showing good conception.

TO-NIGHT.—No one will forget the first PHILHARMONIC CONCERT at the Music Hall. The "Pastoral Symphony" and the fine overtures will sound the better, since they were denied to us last winter. Mr. ZERRAHN is unavoidably deprived of Miss Fay's services; but no one will regret the opportunity to hear the "Orpheus" singers, as a substitute. We look for a well filled hall; the subscription list looks like a revival of the old "Germania" times.

Reports from Various Quarters.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Germania orchestra (Senz conductor) gave their regular public rehearsal at the Musical Fund Hall, Saturday afternoon, with the following programme:

1. Overture. <i>Le Rol d'Yvetot</i>	Adam
2. Song, In the distance.....	Buchner
3. Waltz, <i>Sophien Dances</i>	Strauss
4. Andante, <i>Symphony No. 4</i>	Gade
5. Overture, <i>Hebeclides</i> (by request).....	Mendelssohn
6. Cavatina, <i>Prophet</i>	Meyerbeer
7. 1st Finale, <i>Martha</i>	Flotow
8. Galop.....	Boettiger

A charming feature in these Germania "Rehearsals," not without precedent as far off from "Secesia" as our own Boston, is thus related to us by a correspondent:

" 'See! there's Mr. Jones!—' Oh! what a pretty Christmas box Arthur sent me!—' What order do you take on Mason & Slidell?—' Why! how've you been?—' Where's Mary?—' A yard and a nail!—' Don't Harry look well in his military overcoat?'

"Had I given you the above relatively incoherent phrases without further comment, you would have abundant reason to believe me 'very much so' or even worse. The fact is, they are not imaginary. I really heard them. When? Last Saturday afternoon. Where? In the Musical Fund Hall. Well, what of that? Only this, while I heard them, the Germania was performing Mendelssohn's 'Hebriden'

overture, and I felt considerably annoyed at my inability to hear the music that drew me there, on account of the chirping and chattering of those who came to converse.

"The talkers almost outvoiced the orchestra. I do not object to those in the audience who read the *Evening Bulletin* while listening to the music of the masters, great and little. It must be pleasant to read in that way.

"It is an undeniable and unpleasant fact that the 'talking nuisance' I complain of has nowhere attained greater development than among 'Germania' audiences. If it continue to increase as it has done, it were well to advertise *Conversazioni* instead of *rehearsals*. Purely out of self-defence have I taken a seat on the last bench of the hall, where, instead of hearing noise from four sides, I need hear it from but three—a gain of twenty-five per cent.

"CHANTERELLE."

PARIS.—From the *Revue et Gazette Musicale* of Dec. 15, we glean the following items:

At the Imperial Opera the week was occupied with *Alceste* by Gluck, and (as usual, one might say) with the *Huguenots* and *Robert le Diable*, besides a new ballet, "The Star of Messina," at which the Emperor was present.

The first new work to be given at the Opera Comique was the "Jeweller of St. James," music by Grisar.—At the Italians, the baritone Bartolini was to debut in the *Trovatore*, Mme. Guerrini in *Rigoletto*, and the tenor Brini in *Norma*. *Saffo* was in rehearsal.—At the Théâtre Lyrique, Méhul's "Joseph" was to be revived, the parts being distributed to M. Buzin, another tenor *débutant*, Petit, Legrand, and Mlle. Faivre.

The receipts of all the theatres, concerts, balls and spectacles for the month of November exceeded a million and a half of francs.

The programme of the eighth popular concert of classical music in the Cirque Napoleon was as follows: Overture to *Il Matrimonio segreto*, Cimarosa; Symphony in A, Beethoven; Viotti's 24th violin Concerto, executed by M. Lancien; Adagio and Minuet from a Symphony in Eb, Haydn; Overture to *Zampa*, Herold.

BERLIN.—*Le Prophète* has been performed to excellent houses at the Royal Opera lately. The rôle of Fides, the disconsolate, heart-broken mother, is entrusted to Mlle. de Ahna, who acquires herself bravely of her arduous task, as far at least, as the music is concerned. She has evidently studied the part profoundly and conscientiously, and succeeds in doing justice to the intentions of the composer. I am sorry to say that I cannot, with truth, speak as favorably of the dramatic portion of her performance, which is deficient in intensity, and fails to move the audience as Mad. Wagner-Jachmann was accustomed to do. However, it is "never too late to mend," as the proverb and Mr. Charles Reade inform us, and I have no doubt that with time Mlle. de Ahna will become a far superior actress to what she is now. Mlle. Lucca was greatly applauded as Bertha. She was especially successful in the duet of the fourth act, which she gave in a magnificent manner. Altogether her conception and rendering of the part, both in a musical and dramatic sense, were entitled to high praise, and rewarded by the tumultuous plaudits of a delighted audience. The band, under the guidance of their Capellmeister, Herr Dorn, played with remarkable spirit and precision.

The farewell performance of Signora Brunetti and the Sisters Marchisio, previous to the departure of the latter for London, consisted of an *olla podrida*, part of which was new and part old. Among the novelties was a waltz by Alary, sung by Signora Trebelli.

Herr Adolph L'Arronge's new comic opera, *Das Gespenst* (*The Ghost*), has been produced with success, at the Wilhelmstädtsches Theatre. The young composer has been fortunate enough to obtain an unpretending but good *libretto*,—rather a rarity, as things go,—and has treated it in a manner which promises well for the future. After a spirited overture, in which the "ghostly" element is admirably marked, the first act commences with a fresh hunting chorus in C major, which was highly effective. In the following trio in D minor, the clarinets and bassoons are very cleverly introduced. A *cantilena* of the heroine Gretchen, is full of charming melody, while the little movement *a capella*: "Ach, so ängstlich klopft mein Herz," comes in a charming episode. The second

act is even better than the first. It opens with a lively duet in D major, most artistically rendered by Mlle. Harting and Herr Herrmann. This is followed by Gretchen's grand air, a beautiful, well-treated *moreau*, full of feeling, and far superior to the ordinary compositions of this description. The opera concludes with a brilliant *bravura* waltz in E flat, in no way inferior to some of Balfe's most "Balfe" bits. The principal characters were sustained by Mesdames Ungar, Harting, Herren Abich, Winkelmann, Schindler and Herrmann, with credit to themselves and to the composer, who, *in propria persona*, conducted the orchestra on the night of the first performance, and had every reason to be gratified with the reception of his work.

Herren Zimmermann and Stahlknecht have commenced their annual series of Soirées for Chamber Music. The programme of the first Soirée opened with a quartet by Haydn (G major, cahier 14, No 1,) the dashing joyousness of which produced a corresponding effect upon the audience. The quartet was performed as only real artists could perform it, the two concert-givers being assisted by Herren Rammelberg and Richter. The next piece on the list was Mendelssohn's trio in D minor, with Herr G. Schumann at the piano. Then came Beethoven's quintet in C major, Herr Kähle playing the second violin part. Mendelssohn's trio went off with decided *éclat*, a result to which the correct and delicately graduated playing of Herr G. Schumann contributed in no slight degree; but the performance of the quintet was, for such artists as those I have mentioned, cold and unsatisfactory.

The programme of the second Soirée of the Herren Papendick, Spohr and Koch was as follows:—*Adagio, variations and rondo*, by Beethoven; "Reisebilder," for piano and violoncello, by F. Kiel; and Mendelssohn's trio in D minor. Beethoven's work is one that is but rarely heard here, and, consequently, the fact of its being included in the programme on this occasion, acted like a potent spell, charming the admirers of the mighty *maestro* to the concert room. The work was on the whole, performed in an intelligent and expressive manner. Kiel's "Reisebilder" are a series of characteristic compositions, from the pen of a talented and experienced musician; they are eight in number. Those entitled, "Rest" "Intermezzo," and "At the Waterfall," are the most important. The others are either too short, as, for instance, "The Romance;" or dry and uninteresting. These said "Reisebilder" were performed with a fair amount of taste and technical skill by the pianist, but his colleague, the violoncellist, was somewhat deficient in spirit, although, to give him his due, his tone was good. The execution of Mendelssohn's trio was by far the best thing of the evening. Full of that youthful fire and dash, which are absolutely indispensable if the work is to produce its proper effect, the concert-givers played *con amore*, and quite deserved the plaudits with which their efforts were rewarded.

Herr Hans von Bülow's second Soirée was attended by a large and fashionable audience. Is not Herr von Bülow "Hofpianist"—pianist to his Majesty? Is he not, also, a "Von?" He was the "be-all and the end-all," the alpha and omega, the dinner and the dessert, in his own person. He suffered no rival near his music-stool. "L'état, c'est moi," said the Grand Monarque. "La Soirée c'est moi," cries Herr Hans von Bülow. He, and he alone, disdaining aid from any one else, was the sole performer. The programme was intended to be a sort of historical sketch of three destined periods, commencing with Bach, and then taking Beethoven on its way, bringing us down to the works of the most modern masters. Among the pieces selected were a *Suite* by Bach, Beethoven's *Sonata in A flat major*, Op. 110, Waltzes, by Ehlert and Raff, Liszt's *Polonaise*, in C minor, Schumann's "Novellettes," a "rêverie fantastique," by the concert-giver himself, and Liszt's "Soirée de Vienne" and "Carneval von Pesth"—Pesth soit du Carnaval! said I, who had to listen to it!

At a morning concert given by Signora Brunetti, the sisters Marchi-i were, as usual, the great attraction. They were tremendously applauded in the duet from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, which duet was encored. In addition to this mark of the delight of the audience, they achieved the honor of being called forward three different times. Verily, the fair Sisters are great favorites in the city of Berlin. The best piece in the Italian programme was the "letter air" from *Don Giovanni*, transposed into G major, and divinely warbled by Barbara Marchisio. Mad. Rieder distinguished herself by the manner in which she sang a number of *bravura* trifles excellently well adapted for the display of her extraordinary vocal ability, and—for nothing else.

I have not yet finished my list of concerts. I have

still to mention two or three more, and will begin with that given for the benefit of the Gustave-Adolph Stiftung. The audience was very select, and the bill of fare worthy, on the whole, of being set before them. The stars of the evening were Signora Trebelli, Herr Wowski, and Herr Bendel, who were, one and all, applauded.

The next concert to which I come, is particularly worthy of commemoration, since in it Charity and Music were united. It was the first of a series which will be given in the course of the winter by the Concert Union for Charitable Purposes. It took place under the direction of Herr Albert Hahn, in the concert room of the Theatre Royal. The only actually professional element on the occasion was the co-operation of Herr G. Schumann, who played the pianoforte part in Beethoven's Grand Fantasia, with orchestra and chorus, in the most creditable and artistic fashion. Among the other executants, I must mention, as worthy of special praise, the newly organized amateur orchestra. The chorus gave a really beautiful piece by Ferdinand Hiller: "O, weint um sie," and a vocal quartet by W. Rust, "Waldfoglein," with an amount of freshness and precision which would not have been creditable to the best of your English Choral Societies. In the course of the week, I had occasion to hear a flutist, yester Herr Foltz, at a concert given by himself, of course for the purpose of rendering the public acquainted with his own talent, which is far from inconsiderable. Although not a Pratten, he is by no means to be sneezed at. He overcomes all the technical difficulties of his instrument with pleasing facility, entirely free from anything like effort, and displays undoubted good taste, and deep feeling. Another aspirant for fame is Herr Pazoschoff, whose bow—in whatever sense you choose to take the word—I first saw at a concert for Charitable Purposes given in the Wilhelmsstädtsche Theatre. He has yet much to learn, but his tone is already full and rich, and his bowing (pronounced this time, bo-ing) capital. The most important event of the week, however, in a "concert sense," I have reserved for the last. It was the performance of Herr Taubert's music to Shakespeare's *Tempest*. It went off brilliantly.

On the 2nd inst., I was present at a very imposing ceremony in the Royal Opera House. I allude to the tenth performance of marches for a prize offered by Herr G. Bock, the eminent musical publisher. The audience was a most brilliant one. First and foremost came their Royal Highnesses Prince Carl of Prussia and August von Wurtemburg, Prince Radziwill, their Excellencies General Field Marshall von Wrangel, the ministers of state, Herren von d. Heydt and von Bernuth, and a great many officers of high rank with their ladies, as well as several members of corps *diplomatique* with theirs. The pit was occupied exclusively by officers, while the ladies filled the boxes. On the stage, which the Intendant General, Herr von Hülsenhäsel, had decorated in a very tasty monner, were drawn up the bands of the Königl. Kaiser Alexander, Garde Grenadier regiment, the Garde Fusilier regiment, the 1st and 2nd Garde Dragoon regiment, and the Garde Schützen Bataillon, supported by the Pioneers, all in grand uniform.

The programme consisted of the following twelve marches, selected by the committee from all those sent in: 1. "Des Preussen Muth," defiling march (infantry); 2. "Der verwegene Reiter," parade march (cavalry); 3. "Der preussische Grenadier," grenadier march (infantry); 4. "Auf und dran Spannt den Hahn," (riflemen); 5. "Lasst die Trompeten erschallen" (infantry); 6. "Hoch wehen im Kampf der Preussen Fahnen" (cavalry); 7. "Vorwärts frisch auf, den Degen zur Hand" (infantry); 8. "Preussen, vorwärts!" (riflemen); 9. "Für den König ins Feld" (infantry); 10. "Kameraden, auf, zu Pferd!" parade march (cavalry); 11. "Unter Deinen Fittich, Preussens Aar, ruht's sich sicher!" (infantry); 12. "Gott mit uns" (riflemen). After the above marches had been performed, the officers gave their votes. The cavalry march, No. 10, obtained 158; the infantry march, No. 5, 5; and the rifle march, No. 12, 107. On opening the sealed envelopes containing the name of the composers, Herr Lorenz of the Berlin Fire Brigade; Herr Zikoff, of the Posen regiment of the line, stationed at Jüben; and Herr Schreiber, of the Rhenish Jäger-Bataillon in Wetzlar, were found to be the composers of No. 10, No. 5, and No. 12, respectively. These performances of the prize marches have now existed for ten years, and have become an established institution of great importance to military music. By their means a great many talented young men, from all points of the kingdom, are introduced to the favorable notice of the public, while the army is supplied with marches of undoubted merit. The next performance will, according to report, take place next summer at Potsdam.—*Corr. London Musical World.*

Special Notices.

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